Scarecrow

Christopher Paul Stelling

We were lost, and set adrift
on a red clay unmarked road,
with nothing 'cept what we could hold,
free of every debt we owed.
We'd left behind our sorted pasts
and all we had held dear.
We'd dropped the sails and climbed the mast,
made a promise in the mirror feeling so inspired.
So breathe, breathe it out, lay your burdens down,
to rest.
Breath, through the doubts,
never let them get the best, the best of you.
Hey now look yonder darling whats that i see ,
don't that scarecrow on the hillside
look an awful lot like me,
with his arms all spread out wide
like he was measuring the fields,
or was he out there standing guard
over something long been concealed,
using his body as a shield,
or maybe he's more like Jesus Christ,
out there crucified
for what he held inside his heart
that he could no longer hide.
Did it make him out a liar?
So breathe, breathe it out,
lay your burdens down to rest,
breathe through the doubts,
never let them get the best, the best of you.

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